

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except on the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unacceptable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING
SPECIAL AGENT, BARNARD & BARNARD
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BARNARD
BAM, Boyce Building.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1910.

Welcome, Home-comers!

Home-coming week is at hand. Its preliminary signs began to appear days ago. Now it is here in reality, and its advent means a transformation that all Washington will welcome cordially and watch with delight.

It is not the home-coming week that other cities exploit at intervals, temporarily to attract to their native hearth people permanently domiciled elsewhere—a thing that this fair Capital might advantageously do some time—but it is the week that witnesses the return in numbers of full-fledged Washingtonians who, at mountain and seashore or across the waters, have passed the vacation period away.

If they were happy to go, if happiness was theirs while gone, they are infinitely happier coming back, for with all the lures of the outside world, and wherever they lead, the true Washingtonian is never quite so happy as when at home. The supreme happiness, after all, is in our daily life in our own environment, when our lots happen to be ideally cast, as they are in this City Beautiful—the city of all cities.

And now for work and business! It is here to do and be done. It is a bright, promising season. There is optimism in the air. See how the city has improved during the summer months. Observe the better streets and the many new buildings that have been erected or are now under way. There are cheering signs on every side—everything speaks of growth and prosperity. Only the politicians indulge in pessimism, and Washington is undisturbed by their long-range walls.

What do politicians count, anyway? Welcome to the home-comers! We have missed you, but no more than you have missed Washington. You have all had a good time, we hope, but we know, down in our hearts, and you know, too, that you have not had a better time than the many thousands more contented, happy folks who remained at home.

But now things are going to hum all around, beginning with this home-coming week! Business will hum as it never hummed before. Just see!

La Follette had about 50,000 votes to spare. If he could only ship some of them over into Indiana for Beveridge's use!

TAPS!

Diabened! The National Association of Mexican War Veterans has passed away. For the last time, a few days ago, they met in Indianapolis. They had a short and sad meeting. Not a man there but was over eighty; of these octogenarians there were thirty-five left. No longer able to respond to the physical demands of an annual reunion; weak in body, but still undaunted in spirit, they bravely resolved that this must be their last meeting. The sentiments that inspired them when they enlisted for the Mexican war inspire them still. The secretary addressed them, and in a tremulous voice said:

"It now becomes my sacred duty to adjourn the order, to meet again on that beautiful shore. Please rise and declare the association adjourned forever."

Who that has a heart; who that knows the meaning of that true patriotism and love of country that leads men to die for her if need be, cannot picture that scene? Out of that glorious company that fought in 1846, only thirty-five survive. They link us of to-day with the past that knew President Polk and Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott. Once more we seem to hear of Santa Anna and of the old fellows, gallant soldiers then, and full of life and vigor, cheering each other on as they bravely stormed Chapultepec.

It is not for us, now, to reckon whether the war of 1846 was righteous or necessary; not necessary to recall how, in that war, America trained her soldier youth, little knowing then how sorely the country would need their services in that other war, so soon to come. Nor do we think of these veterans, disbanded now, in their aspect as helpers in the cause that won the West for us and made our prosperity possible. The years have moved slowly by; the panorama has shown us the civil conflict, the Spanish war; has shown the country striding forward to a dominant position among the nations of the earth. And these remain—these thirty-five—to give us pause, while in our minds and hearts we review the history of our country which these old gallants helped to make.

The association is disbanded! Never more on this earth shall these veterans

gather and gaze upon each other's faces. One by one, and very shortly now, they will drop from the ranks, and soon there will be no survivor.

But, thank God, that this slender company stood for still survives, and shall survive until the earth is gray. For they stand, typical of American honor and glory; for America at her best; for the ideals that all true Americans love. Disbanded! But not to be forgotten. Disbanded! To paraphrase Tennyson:

Their work is done,
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let their great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.

And besides all the other things that happened on the trip, the colonel did not make a speech without splitting an infinitive or two.

A Clean Party.

Amid the chaos of much talk and sermonizing, doubt as to the future, dissatisfaction with the present, it is plain that if we are not to have a new party organized on the basis of the old ones we are, by virtue of the direct primary, going to have a clean party, whatever its name.

There has been no political change in all our history so vital, so pregnant with possibilities as that that has already been brought about by the direct primary, which, for the first time, rescues our politics from the hands of selfish leaders and political bosses and allows the voice of the people to be heard.

Take what has happened in Kansas, for example. That State has passed through one of the most bitterly contested primary campaigns it has ever known. But now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, it is seen that the Republican party can go before the people with much greater assurances of success, because, in the primary, clean politics won—as it always will win when left to the people—and the progressives have nominated men, not because they are politicians, but simply because they are deemed fit for the high responsibility of office.

In New Hampshire we hear from Winston Churchill that the direct primary has made for a clean party, a party which the young men of the country are hastening to join. That is the great value of the direct primary—that it permits every citizen to count in the fight; no unit candidate can be forced down the throats of the people by any political machine.

The old hard and fast lines that marked the separation of the Republican party from the Democratic party are being swept away by the direct primary. It is no longer a question of Republican or Democrat. It is solely and simply a question of men—fitness for office. Bad men in either party will be beaten and repudiated, not by the opposite party, necessarily, but by the citizens of all parties, who at the direct primaries can always vote, and will, if they are good citizens, for purity rather than party shibboleth.

So the new party is bound inevitably to come into existence. It may be a regenerated Republican or a reborn Democratic party, but it will be new. It will be a party made by the people's votes, responsible to no machine, dictated to by no bosses, heedless of everything save the voice of its creator—the people.

And it will be a clean, honest, and efficient party, for that is the sort of government the American people demand; and having shorn the professional political boss of his power, the people can get what they want.

When the colonel goes to Indianapolis, will he refuse to sit at a feast with his old friend Delevan Smith?

The "Teddy" Bird.

The English sparrow is commonly called the "Teddy" bird. Why it is so named is because it is busy; so busy, in fact, that it takes no time to build a nest. If the nests of other birds can be stolen or appropriated, well and good; but if none are to be had, or are built too high in the tree, any old thing will do. The simplest of makeshifts is good enough for the sparrow.

He is the most prolific breeder, and at this season of the year circles by the thousands on the farms near by or appropriates the trees and sidewalks of the town and city. He does not sing. The song of the lark, the robin, the oriole, or catbird, begun in the spring, have given way to the chatter and quarrelling of the "Teddy" bird. His notes, if notes they can be called, are ill-favored criticism of every other bird and delivered in such volume of sound that the pure, sweet songs of bright-feathered, silver-throated warblers are soon silenced.

He was imported as a great gift to this country, but beyond furnishing material for the dinner of immigrants his usefulness is not apparent. He feeds on grain in the field, stack, or mow. Flies, gnats, and other insects are given a free field by him as long as tidbits of valuable crops are to be obtained. Then why not kill the "Teddy" bird? Why not leave room for our songsters? Give the sweet-throated singer a chance to be heard.

The only thing that can be said for him is that he is not guilty of race suicide. He can produce a family that will fight and quarrel, and put the gamblers of the street to blush.

"In the old days a smuggler was a rough and hairy man in rubber boots," says the Mobile Register. Nowadays he could not afford rubber boots unless he smuggled them in.

A baby in Des Moines has been named Halley's Comet; but, as Kipling would say, that's another tale.

One reason our friend Wellman will not fly across the Atlantic Ocean this summer is that his shipwreck in Atlantic City is in the hands of the sheriff.

Pick out the vest from the moth balls.
Dig out suspenders, too!
Put the straw hat away,
For now comes the day
When the chills of the autumn are due.

The direct primary system, in the opinion of most of the machine politicians and bosses, is all wrong.

Horns have been found on skeletons unearthed in the Topanga Canyon. It is a safe bet that these prehistoric men

could not blow their own horns any better than a certain modern gentleman we could mention.

If it be not an impertinent query, did the Outlook get the worth of its money?

The membership list of the Hamilton Club, Chicago, is not quite full.

That Newport society woman who dashed into the ocean to rescue her cook was not a heroine at all. She needed the cook.

It is hardly polite to say that that banquet was quarantined against Lorimer.

The Washington (N. C.) News asks: "What is a fellow to do when he is broke?" Mend his ways, of course.

Laura Jean Libbey says that if women get the ballot they will vote to please their husbands. This is a paradox; for most husbands would be best pleased if their wives would not vote at all.

And he is Autocrat of the Dinner Table, too.

There was probably humble pie on the menu of that dinner that Senator Lorimer had to eat alone.

"Fatal quarrel in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' troupe," reads a dispatch. Started, probably, over the age of Little Eva.

What is the use of disputing that scientist who says the earth weighs seven trillion tons, since there is no inspector of weights and measures to test his scales.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is to be found in the fact that we sent \$2,000 worth of soap to the Philippines.

A member of the Louisiana legislature has a cabbage head weighing forty pounds. The only extraordinary thing about it is the weight.

Now James J. Hill is talking about conserving conservation. An endless chain sort of uplift.

It may have been noticed, however, that "Uncle Joe" ate at the same table.

How perfectly unnecessary for the colonel to advise newspaper men to be honest and good!

No wonder the railroads are timid about having repairs made after that Illinois Central affair.

That Missouri decision against the harvesters trust may result in the farmers out there being able to buy American harvesters almost as cheaply as they can be had in France.

That snake bite is a cure for epilepsy will be hailed with joy in dry towns, because it is well known that whisky is a cure for snake bite.

That was a thrifty Brooklyn gentleman who, when he got into a row with his wife, produced a divorce that he had secured seven years previously.

GERMAN MARRIAGE MARKET.

Author Says the Kaiser's Men Are Passive Articles of Sale.

From Miss Wylie's "My German Year."

The men in Germany do not marry; they are married; they are more or less passive articles of sale, which stand in rows in the matrimonial shop window with their price labeled in large letters in their buttonhole, waiting patiently for a purchaser. They are perfectly willing, even eager, victims; they want to be bought, but their position does not allow them to grasp the initiative, and they are thankful when at last some one comes along and declares herself capable and willing to pay the price.

The girl and her mother, with their purse in hand, pass the articles in review and choose the one which best suits their means and fancy.

"I shall marry an officer," one girl told me some time ago, with the easy confidence of a person about to order a new dress; and lo! and behold, before the year was out she was walking proudly on the arm of a dragon lieutenant.

I even knew of three women who swore to each other that they would only marry geniuses, and here also they had their will. One married a great painter, one a poet, and another a famous diplomatist. That they were all three peculiarly unhappy is not a witness against the system, but a proof that geniuses may occasionally be very uncomfortable partners.

In this case the purchasers were rich and popular, and could, therefore, make their choice. Others of lesser means would have had to content themselves with an officer, cavalry or infantry, according to the "dot," or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, and so on, down the scale.

THE PLOW.

From Egypt behind my oxen with stately step
Northeast and east and west I went to the desert
and the snow;
Down through the centuries one by one, turning the
edge of the plow,
Till there's never a land beneath the sun but has
blossomed behind my plow.

I slid through the golden red fields with my grunting, humped-back steers;
I turned the turf of the Tiber plain in Rome's imperial years;
I was left in the half-drawn furrow when Carthagenians came;
Giving his farm for the furrow's stir to save his nation's name.

Over the seas to the north I went, white cliffs and a
sea-board blue;
And my path was glad in the English grass as my
steer and I drew;
My path was glad in the English grass, for behind me
rippled and curled
The corn that was life to the sailor men that sailed
the ships of the world.

And later I went to the north again, and day by day
I drew down
A little more of the purple hills to join to my kingdom
brown;
And the wharves wheeled out to the moorland, but
the gray gulls sailed with me
Where the Clydesdales drummed a marching song
with their feathered feet on the loam.

The new lands called me westward; found on
the border wide
A toll to my stoutest daring and a foe to test my
pride;
But I stopped my strength to the stiff black loam,
and I found my labor sweet.
As I loosened the soil that was trampled firm by a
million buffaloes' feet.

Then further west to the northward, onward and
outward still
But I crossed the Rockies, for there no plow
man (I'll)
Till I won to the plains unending, and there on the
edge of the snow
I ribbed them the fencible wheat fields and taught
them to reap and sow.

The sun of the southland called me; I turned her
rich brown loam
Where her farmers' peach trees grow and her
green Golden Years
I drove her cattle before me, her dust, and her
dying sheep.
I painted her rich plains golden and taught her to
sow and reap.

From Egypt behind my oxen with stately step
and slow
I have carried your weightiest burden, ye toilers
that reap and sow!
I am the reaper, the king, and I hold the world in
stead upon sword may ring, but the triumph shall
rest with me!

—Will Ogilvie, in Spectator.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Breaking Into Society.
Dad makes a strike somewhere,
To New York hies;
He has a daughter fair,
A perfect prize.

She can't get in the swim
By any duke;
Dad sees it's up to him
And buys a duke.

They find the duke a pest,
A creature coarse;
There is a hike out west
And a divorce.

The details of the case,
We must confess,
Are given lots of space
By all the press.

Once more New York they try,
A welcome get;
At last are honored by
The swagger set.

Awkward for Both.

"This is awkward. I flirted with a young man at the seashore, and we both pretended to be rich. Now I find he lives in our city."

"But you needn't see him if you don't want to."

"I can't well get out of it. It seems he collects the payments on our piano."

Working Well.

"How about the new football rules?"
"I understand several collarbones have been broken under them already."

Fast Colors.

Women, when they buy cigars,
Like a stylish shade;
And they also want a weed
Neatly wrapped and guaranteed
Not to fade.

The Easy Way.

"You must take vigorous exercise if you expect to regain your health."

"Aw, shucks, doc. Why can't I take some kind of a patent pill?"

Insult to Injury.

"Well, Richboy is married at last. He was an excellent catch."

"Yes; and all his former flames are dead now."

"Why should they be vexed? He couldn't marry them all."

"No; but it seems his bride took their various locks of hair and had them made into a set of puffs."

Few Specimens Left.

"Guides are said to be scarce in the Adirondacks this season."

"I'm not surprised. With the heavy mortality in the joke column, guides are about due to become extinct."

Very Prosperous.

"Prosperous times, these."

"Quite so."

"Yes; even the poor don't seem to be getting any poorer."

Gets Them Running.

"Will the business men of this community subsidize a Marathon meet?"

"How will a Marathon help the business men?"

"In many ways. The telegraph company ought to be interested. Look how it will stimulate the messenger boys."

AIMED AT THE COLONEL.

A Standpatter.

From the Philadelphia North American.
Anyway, Roosevelt stands pat on the first pages of the newspapers.

The Vacant Chair.

From the Cleveland Leader.
Will the Outlook please inform us as to when T. R. finds time for his literary duties?

His Two Decisions.
From the Ohio State Journal.
Col. Roosevelt has handed down two decisions, reversing the United States Supreme Court.

Also for the Majority.

From the Buffalo News.
The "Roosevelt Page" would eliminate lots of extra search and trouble for those who don't care to read it.

The Very Idea!

From the Providence Tribune.
Those who marvel at Mr. Roosevelt's energy forget, perhaps, that it is very easy to talk continuously, provided you say nothing.

A Bargain at Any Price.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.
"Roosevelt" spoke at a headline. We believe that, after all, the Outlook found a bargain in the man.

Won't Be His Fault.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
If the wedding between the special interests and corrupt politics is not broken by the efforts and speeches of Col. Roosevelt, it will be because he lacks the supporting support of a public not yet sufficiently aroused.

Billingsgate Has Reformed.

From the Chicago Tribune.
A place, as well as a dog, suffers when given a bad name. Billingsgate for a generation or more has passed into the English language as a synonym for coarse, abusive words or scurrilous vituperation. The presence of fish wives in the ancient market place of London, and the free use of expletive grave Billingsgate its bad name and got it unenviable notoriety in the dictionaries. It was there that Dr. Johnson—some say it was Daniel O'Connell—after enraging a fish wife into unthought-of depths of profanity silenced her by calling her a "parallelipipedon."

But now there is printed in a London newspaper the description of a visit made to the same Billingsgate, during which nothing was heard that might shock the ears of the most fastidious.

But the fish wives were not present. Their places are taken by men. A rude masculine opinion might suggest that the women whose language put the market into the dictionaries are now to be found in the ranks of the suffragists, but we hope the suggestion will never be made.

Up-to-date Mother Goose.

From Judge.
The teacher was telling the story of Red Riding Hood. She had described the woods and the wild animals that lived there.

"Suddenly," she said, "Red Riding Hood heard a loud noise. She turned around, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, looking at her and showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" cried one of the boys.

Wise Pa.

From Judge.
"Pa, what's the difference between the north pole and the south pole, anyway?"

"All the difference in the world, my son."

A DAILY BOOK REVIEW

"THE GLORY OF THE ABYSS."

This novel is an unusual characterization of an English peasant in an atmosphere of sordid and wholesale misery. The hedges are green and the Hawthorne blooms, but existence has in it little enough poetry. Peter Bonnor, a silent, plodding undergardener on a great estate, may be called the hero in the fairest sense of the word. It is he who bears with the sins and follies of his brothers and sisters and patiently helps those who are capable of getting out of the mire.

The author is not so fatuous as to make him into a village Solomon or a poet in disguise, nor in any way to risk the effect by outraging the probable. Peter is a simple, silent man, a laborer descended from laborers. He has not even, as an obvious novel writer's device, a heart that craves expression. It is hard to analyze the effect of his personality, it is so quietly established. But in his large silence and tranquility in the face of stormy sorrows we feel an elemental calm and a connection with the universal forces. He may be said to be the one character in the book. The others, although they are talked about and often appear palely on the horizon, are, whether intentionally or not, merely background.

A wise and kindly old professor most nearly among them approaches reality, but only because he talks of Peter and helps to develop our understanding of him.

The plot of the story is rather crude, with one detail of vice and misery piled almost incredibly on top of another. But one is reconciled to it by Peter. He is a peasant bowed down by an inheritance and an experience of servitude, and has no thought of rebellion. But he is never sordid, and he has the individuality of righteousness. With his love of nature and his gaze at the wide sky, with his gentleness and calm acceptance, he seems to be playing in the hands of destiny. So subtle, yet sure, is the analysis of his character that when he is killed by a blow from the young squire, who is the betrayer of his sisters, we feel no tragedy, but merely the fulfillment of great and just working powers. Although it is at variance with all worldly standards, this end must seem the only one that could preserve the depth and significance of the story. (New York: G. P. Dutton Company.)

DEMORALIZING THE CADDIES.

Advanced Field of Rubber Opens Up a New Field of Speculation.

A prominent golfer declares that the advanced price of golf balls is ruining the morals of the caddies and discouraging the golfers who are not wealthy, says the New York Tribune. At 15 cents apiece for a ball the game becomes costly if balls are lost, and with balls at this high figure the men will buy from the boys, not necessarily caddies, at 10 or 15 cents each ball that have been found and which are new in each instance.

Other boys are the caddies' younger brothers. At all events, the lads have a pool and divide the profits. Boys not related to caddies who find and sell balls are charged by the caddies for the privilege of coming on the links for this purpose. The golfer further states that in his own experience he never had a caddy lose an old golf ball, but that only the newest and best would disappear, and these often on the fair green, if he turned his head away after the ball had struck the ground. He has watched the caddies approach the head caddy and tell the number of balls they have found and name a price, the head caddy shaking his head, "too high." To meet the boys and get the balls the head caddy goes out quite late to play a few holes, and then does his bargaining. From him and even from their own caddies golfers will buy these balls, thus putting a premium on dishonesty. The only remedy is to revert to a rule, at one time common to many links, which is that any ball found by a caddy on a round becomes the property of the golfer he is caddying for.

Beauty.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Carnegies, a solitary kingdom; Aristotle, that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature.

RACING AND WALL STREET.

The Latter Is Accessible for Gambling the Year Around.

From the New York World.
Professional horse racing ends in New York on the last day of August. Betting of every description is unlawful. Attempts have been made, it appears, to carry on the sport without gambling, but the attendance has been small and the losses great. It is admitted on all sides that the diversions of the track as such appeal to few.

This was the argument advanced by those who were most active in their opposition to pool selling. A similar contention is maintained by those who would like to extend the movement against gambling in such a way as to cover many of the operations in Wall Street.

A great racing park, well appointed in every way and presenting first-class horses as attractions, becomes unprofitable as soon as betting is prohibited. The attendance is small. Interest is languid. Under such conditions Belmont Park itself is to be turned into a field for aviation.

What would be the effect upon the Wall Street district if all transactions in that quarter were legitimate? Would there be fewer monumental banks and luxurious offices? Would the stock exchange itself be found to elaborate?

Yet in Wall Street there are conveniences for gambling which no race track ever had. It is accessible. No admission fee is charged. It has agents and runners everywhere.

Horse racing was a summer sport. Wall Street has all seasons for its own. The turf did not appeal especially to the young. Wall Street addresses itself to all ages and to all purses. A ten-dollar bill will go as far on a wager in Wall Street as it ever did at a race track.

Benuty.

From the Housekeeper.
Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Carnegies, a solitary kingdom; Aristotle, that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature.

The two great causes of depression in children are fear from intimidation and humiliation. The use of sarcasm and irony is not good for the child. The spoiled child is usually the result of ignorant parents. Nervous pro